

FLESH & BLOOD

February 1993

ONE

cheap



BLOOD OF BLIGHTY HORROR!
D'AMATO BOTCHUP!
DEAD END! HELL!

F . A . B . O . N . E

C O N T E N T S C R E D I T S

DEAD END

Self-proclaimed "Cult Classic"
LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END
STREET examined. Crass
 exploitation or low-budget high-art?

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

*Classic poster art for the award-
 winning Metromedia/Amicus
 production. A superb example of
 British low-budget '70s Horror. Which
 brings us nicely to...*

BLIGHTY

*Test your knowledge of the
 "Forgotten British Horror Film"*
*A Bulldog and Bully Beef to those who
 score more than half!*
*Bullshit and Bulimia to those who
 don't!*

HOLOCAUST

The Aristide Massaccesi Massacre!

HELL

*Pinhead goes Pop! Or... Heavy Metal
 S/M Demons From Hell improve their
 commercial appeal through the power
 of killer C.D.'s!*

FASCINATION

*The Greek video cover for French
 auteur Jean Rollin's impressive tale of
 blood-drinking aristocrats and scythe-
 wielding femmes fatales!*

Editor / Design / Layout
Harvey Fenton

Contributors
Darren Jones
David J. Ward

Special Thanks

(I've always wanted to do this...) Firstly, and most
 importantly, my thanks to Debs for putting up with
 far too many crappy movies and for simply being
 the most wonderful human being in the World!

Now in no particular order... **Dave Ward**, the
 trivia king. What this guy don't know about sleazy
 flicks just ain't worth knowing! Thanks for the
 quiz Dave!

Darren Jones for kicking my lazy arse into gear!
 Thanks for the Hellraiser 3 review! (Shame the
 film's shite!)

Trevor Barclay for the skills and for tracking down
 all those great 'zines! Cheers!

Jason J. Slater. (aka Apple pie man). Many
 thanks for the hard drive and the skills (even if they
 did arrive at the last second!) So when's your
 'vine coming out then, eh?!

Matthew Webb for all things computer. Without
 this guy I'd probably have a useless heap of plastic
 in the corner of my room. Thanks to him though I
 can use my heap of plastic to produce the useless
 heap of paper you're currently holding!

James Rodriguez. Thanks for the photos!

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Flesh And Blood ONE is a
 FAB Press publication (1993)

EDITORIAL

Hello dear reader and welcome to the first issue of "Flesh And Blood" (F.A.B. to it's friends!), a little labour of love devoted to the world of adult cinematic art which aims, in best fanzine tradition, to "entertain and inform". It's been a long, long road that has brought me to the point where I now feel happy to unleash my little monster onto the small portion of the World unbalanced enough to want to read it! A road fraught with unforeseen pitfalls at every turn. Not the least of which was the discovery some six months ago that the very TITLE of the thing had been unceremoniously yanked from right under my nose! "Fascination" it was going to be called. Gary Needham thank you very much! So, in honour of the Great Lost "Zine Title I've decided to stick with the video art-work for good old Johnny Rollin's classic film of the same name on the back cover! That way at least I have the satisfaction of getting the intended title on the cover of this rag, it's just that instead of being at the top of the front cover, it's at the bottom of the back cover! (Actually, before anyone gets the wrong idea, Gary's 'zine comes highly recommended, concentrating as it does on the work of the afore-mentioned Jean Rollin and the Great Man himself, Jesus Franco! Excellent stuff!)

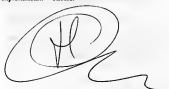
So, "Flesh And Blood" it is. To the point. Succinct. Pretty much sums up the contents too. Yeah... it'll do. Ah... the contents. The first thing you'll probably have noticed is that F.A.B. ONE is a little on the slim side, but it's also perfectly formed (in my humble opinion) and very cheap too, so I've no moral qualms there! Treat it as an introduction to the world of "Flesh And Blood", a little taster of things to come. (I was actually toying with the idea of calling it a "promo" edition or "issue 0" or something but when all is said and done it's here, it exists and it's the first of it's type, so let's not pretend our first efforts don't exist, eh! (Jim?) Number ONE it is.)

Things to come... that's the main reason I asked Dave to conjure up his great "Forgotten British Horror Film" quiz, as it serves as a perfect introduction to the world we'll be exploring in F.A.B. TWO - the wonderful world of British Horror. Mention British Horror and most people

will instantly think "Hammer". Classic stuff of course (the 1958 version of "Dracula" is STILL the definitive telling of the tale as far as I'm concerned) but there is so much more to it... "Corruption", "Nightmare", "Witchfinder General", "Peeping Tom", "Satan's Slave", "The Wicker Man"... from the lowest budget sleaze to the high-art of Michael Powell's voyeuristic masterpiece the British have produced films across the board to compete with the best that their Continental, Asian and American counterparts can produce. And this is where I'd like to welcome YOU aboard! If you'd like to contribute a review of your own personal favourite British Horror film (Hammer included if you wish of course), get in touch ASAP by writing to the editorial address! Just make sure you let me know which film you intend to cover before spending your valuable time writing your piece, just in case someone has got there before you!

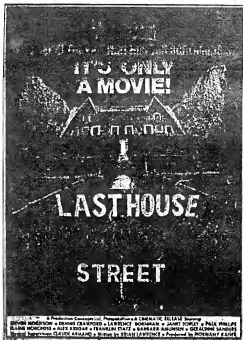
Oh look! Nearly out of space, that wasn't half as difficult as I thought it would be (eh, Darren?) I was intending to talk about my "Dead End Street" article, and why I felt the need to write it (as a form of catharsis I suppose, it really got under my skin and I literally had to write it out from under there) but I'll leave it as it stands and just hope you can make some sort of sense out of it... Talk about "publish and be damned"!

By the way, if you're wondering what the still on the front cover is, it's from "Goke Body Snatcher From Hell", a film which is mentioned nowhere else in the 'zine! If you were expecting to find a review or something then I'm sorry, but I just happened to like the picture! Well, what did you expect, at the end of the day, it's all exploitation... Cheers!



Harvey Fenton

WELCOME TO THE FUNHOUSE



LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET. Now there's a title to chill the bones and for once here is a film which lives up to expectations. Released in 1977, a full five years after Wes Craven's seminal slice of sleaze, **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** (1972), and amidst a flurry of inferior imitations, this film is one tough customer. Whilst every hit as oppressive and nihilistic as Craven's film all other comparisons stop with the title; this **LAST HOUSE** is in a class of its own. There has never been another film like it and I seriously doubt there ever will be.

So extreme is its subject matter and so uncompromising its delivery that the virulence of criticism directed its way is perhaps not overly surprising: "...terminally seedy (not to mention cheap, inept and boring)"; "...quite

appallingly dreadful"; "...nearly defies any form of critical commentary." Phew... and to think all these gems were extracted not from some reactionary pro-censorship tirade, but from writers who are more than happy to acknowledge their appreciation of the Horror genre. It seems to be the generally accepted view that **LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET** is nothing more than an example of purely exploitative, amateurish film making at its worst. I am tempted to disagree, for whilst in some ways limited by its

Terry Hawkins is a very angry man.

"One year of my life in that lousy rotten stinking place, and for what? Passing some lousy drugs ... I'll show 'em. I'll show 'em all what Terry Hawkins can do."

Terry Hawkins is also a scheming, psychotic bastard.

obviously small budget the film is laden with potent symbolism and packs enough genuine atmosphere to affect even the most jaded of viewers. It is at times almost unbearably intense, and even in the slow central section it manages to be consistently unsettling. As a friend once commented, "... it's a real bowel-chumer".

The charges of amateurism are, I feel, rather unhelpful and display the sort of budget-conscious elitism more associated with mainstream audiences than serious fans of low-budget horror fare. Are we to judge the inherent value of a film by simple reference to the size of its budget? Presumably therefore *TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY* (1991) is unquestionably the greatest film ever made and *DEADBEAT AT DAWN* (1987), a film with similar budgetary limitations to *LAST HOUSE*, without doubt one of the worst. It is true that the acting leaves something to be desired and the dialogue, obviously dubbed on after the filming had been completed, is occasionally stilted but on the whole these are relatively minor irritants rather than fatal flaws.

With regards to the charges that the film never rises above the level of pure exploitation, on closer inspection it can in fact be argued that in many ways a shockingly conservative, censorial viewpoint is presented! *LAST HOUSE* briefly parodies a scene at the end of *SALO, O LE 120 GIORNATE DI SODOMA* (1975), when the libertines dance arm in arm in the courtyard. Much like Pasolini's classic, on the surface there appears to be a misanthropic bad-attitude of almost Milligan-esque purity, though underlying

this would seem to be some sort of socially-conscious, even "politically correct", motivation. Unlike *SALO* though, the message here is infuriatingly simple-minded, but this apparent motivational conflict is perhaps the best explanation for the source of my fascination with this film. *LAST HOUSE* is clearly the product of confused minds trying desperately to come to terms with their obsessions. More of which later, but for now, back to Terry...

"Had a lot of time sitting up there ... a lot of time to think over just what I do want to do. I think I'm ready for something that nobody ever dreamed of before..."

The viewer is left with a good impression of what is to follow as the opening moments of this low budget American obscurity play themselves out. Terry is seen checking out the titular house, a rambling deserted gothic construction adorned with gargoyles. Inter-cut with these scenes are images of violent death and torture, seemingly thrown in at random, though it is soon apparent that they represent the sick fantasies festering inside Terry's twisted mind. The opening montage of images in conjunction with the disturbing musical backdrop (used to similar effect in the castration nightmare sequence in *ILSA: TIGRESS OF SIBERIA* (1977)), the constant murmur of an amplified heart-beat and Terry's sociopathic narration set the tone for the film. The first five minutes or so are extremely intimidating, successfully creating an almost palpable atmosphere of madness and doom. Welcome to the Funhouse indeed.

(As a quick aside I think it is worth pointing out that the film was briefly released under the title *"THE FUNHOUSE"*, which might possibly provide an explanation for the temporary banning of Tobe Hooper's virtually bloodless slasher of the same name. If there is any substance to this hypothesis can you imagine the reaction had this Funhouse been given a UK release?! To the best of my knowledge *LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET* has not been officially released anywhere outside its native country.)

"All that time up there gave me a lot of time to think. Sitting up there every day lookin' out



the window thinking where I been, where I'm going, what I'm gonna do..."

Terry fancies himself as a film director. He used to make stag films but he "couldn't sell the damn things, no one's interested in sex any more". Before long he has gathered a sleazy band of misfits willing to help him out. Connections are made in an exclusive little clique who for years have been producing and distributing pornographic films. Central to the group are "Mr Moneybags" Steve, the financier and distributor, and the Palmers, a husband and wife team - he makes the porno flicks themselves, she stars in much of the product!

The times are changing, the clients are getting bored and are demanding new thrills. Palmer can't deliver the goods, all he has to show Steve are terrible soft porn films. Meant to be erotic, they're just incredibly dull and poorly filmed. So Terry gets his chance to show Steve what he can do. He delivers the goods alright. Death replaces sex and everyone wants to know how he does it, how he makes it look so realistic. Sure enough Steve and the Palmers find out how he does it as they are lured to **THE HOUSE**, now transformed into a sprawling surrealistic slaughter zone. Before long they become the stars of his "masterpiece" as a punishment for trying to pull a fast one on our tormented artist by taking the credit for his films. Bad business move Stevie! Terry's methods go way beyond what anyone had dared believe, despite the evidence before their eyes. After all, it's only a movie, right? Wrong.



"And all these people really getting to me, all these people, all these people, do this do that

do this do that do thiswhew. I'm gonna do something for all of them ... I'm gonna give them something they never dreamed of ... something nobody's ever done. And then I'll show 'em, I'll show what Terry Hawkins can do..."



Too late the victims, beaten and bound, realise exactly what is at stake here as one by one they are subjected to an appalling catalogue of abuse and ultimately die at the hands of Terry and his cohorts. Every moment of their struggle for life is obsessively committed to film by the now utterly demented crew under the loose directorial control of Terry. "I'm directing this fucking movie!" he screams at one point as he sets about kicking the life out of the defenceless Mr Palmer, who has failed to follow his "directions" properly.

So who did direct this fucking movie, and what were his motives, if any? Is **LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET** simply an attempt to produce the ultimate indefensible exploitation film as its detractors claim, or does it represent a genuine artistic statement, using confrontation as the means to ram a message down the viewers' throat?

The true identity of the director would seem to be something of a mystery, the titles crediting one Victor Janos, undoubtedly a pseudonym. Most of his colleagues also preferred the anonymity of pseudonyms (Lawrence Borman, Franklin Stutz, Norman F. Kaiser!?! Oh come on!), one's immediate assumption being that they chose the faceless route in order to protect their future reputations. Film censorship

takes many forms, much of it imposed from within the film industry itself. If a film-maker upsets the wrong people, overstepping the mark in some way the damage to their careers can often be totally out of proportion to the offence caused. Michael Powell's career for example never fully recovered following the commotion surrounding his classic *PEEPING TOM* (1959) which, like *LAST HOUSE* tackles the taboo area of "snuff" films. In the event though, the makers of *LAST HOUSE* had little to worry about as hardly anyone has seen the damn film anyway! No - rather it would seem to be part of a conscious attempt to manufacture a cult film, an intention made clear from the original advertising, which proudly labelled it a "Cult Classic". All of which is of course rather premeditated and unashamedly exploitative of the target audience. That it worked is as admirable as the fact that the film itself manages to upset so many of its viewers. It is a cult film. The film is meant to upset the viewer and get them thinking. It invariably succeeds on both counts.



Despite setting the film in the porno industry, thus giving themselves every opportunity to stray into any area of "deviant" hardcore sexual activity imaginable, the film-makers chose to show very little sex in the film itself. After all, that would be pornography wouldn't it? When sex does make an appearance it is quick, passionless, mechanical. The characters in the film have long ago abandoned any connection in their minds between sex and love. Sadism is the dominant force and the participants have nothing but contempt, for each other and themselves. There are no really sympathetic characters in the film at all. Everyone is out to screw everyone else. They have become truly depraved and corrupt. It would appear that some sort of warped morality is at play here and this is no more forcefully demonstrated than during the infamous hoof-sucking scene.

Many consider pornography to be little more than a rape fantasy. Clearly the pornographer Steve's final humiliation, a grotesque parody of oral sex, is a symbolic rape. In effect he is forced to undergo an experience similar to those which he, through the nature of his trade, has subjected his many female stars to over the years. At one point he is even forced to watch his own humiliation as a mirror is held up next to his face. This unforgettable scene is enhanced by the striking imagery and bewildering symbolism. Deer hooves are modelled by a woman strapped to the waist, two of the hooves being held beside her head like a pair of horns or antlers, the third hoof protruding from the flies of her jeans, a crude phallic symbol forced repeatedly into Steve's mouth. Once again the



"All these guards, all these people ... do this do that do this do that get up at six go to bed lights out lights out at 8 can't even watch TV can't even go to the movies, nothing to do..."

As for subtext... Whilst having the casual appearance of being merely a cheap-thrill exploiter for the sick-set, *LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET* in fact perversely promotes the oldest argument of the censorship brigade - that pornography does indeed deprave and corrupt!



theme is sex as humiliation and torture, not pleasure, most definitely not love. Rejection of "traditional" sexual values extends to the blurring of gender and species, which can also be seen as a challenge to the laws of nature, the woman modelling the animal's foot as a male symbol thus undermining both her sexual identity and humanity.

The Stag in general historically represents fertility and virility, orders specifically denoting power over nature and fecundity in Man and nature. In certain ancient cultures the Fertility God was sometimes dressed as a Stag during sacrificial rites. Steve kneels subservient to his tormentor, kissing the hoof, the foot of the Stag, signifying complete abasement and reverence, in effect submitting to his fate as the final sacrifice necessary for the completion of Terry's film.

"That's what I'm going to do, I'm going to make some entertainment for all my, my friends. I'm gonna take care of all those people who've been taking care of me for all these many years."

The Horror film continues to suffer from bad press and censorial overreaction, the Trading Standards-led attack of last Summer once again imposing on a receptive public the emotive myth of "snuff" movies as by-product, indeed inevitable eventual bastard son of the genre. In truth though, if Snuff were ever to become a reality, in whatever form, it is a fair bet that it would just as likely be via the route of "deviant" pornography as that of Horror. Whatever route brought about its genesis though, a snuff film in itself would of course

constitute nothing more than an appalling criminal act, a point made clear during **LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET**. The link between pornography and snuff is made explicit, but most importantly the link between audience and act is made. One can not exist without the other. The target audience is directly involved with the acts themselves for without the audience the act would never have been committed in the first place. Heavy shit, and not exactly the sort of subjects most people feel comfortable thinking about!

Heavily stylised and fragmented, **LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET** has a dream-like quality. It allows the film-makers to experiment, conventional narrative being jettisoned in favour of the logic of nightmare as the humiliation, torture and death of the victims is filmed. Many of the shots are striking in construction and boldly lit, unnerving and claustrophobic, yet the overall effect is to distance the viewer somewhat from the events on screen. Rather than using realism as a tool to maximise the audience's association with characters (as in the previously mentioned **SALO** or **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** for example), the viewer becomes a passive observer, made conscious of being on the outside looking in. We are reminded that this is indeed only a movie. Yet the film is still a horribly visceral experience which makes a lasting impact.



LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET is an intensely challenging film which should force the viewer to confront their motivation and desires in seeking out the limits of the genre. In the process may be revealed the sort

of secrets which the viewer may have preferred to remain hidden. In many ways admirable in its execution and, depending on your viewpoint, even its intentions, in truth the single most frightening

thing about this film is that it was ever made at all.

Harvey Fenton

Last House On Dead End Street

Starring:

Steven Morrison, Dennis Cawford, Lawrence Bonman, Janet Sorley, Elaine Norcross, Alex Kregar, Franklin Stutz, Barbara Amussen, Geraldine Saunders, Paul Philips
With: Ronald Cooper, Alan Cooper, Howard Nelson, Doreen Ellis, Helene Roberts, Nora Tucker

Musical Supervision: Claude Armand, Director of Photography: Alexander Tarsk, Art Director: Olivia Carnegie, Set Designer: Gabor Lazlo, Make-up & Special Effects: Kevin Heatley, Unit Manager: Eric Loude, Film Editor: Brian Newett, Sound Engineer: Allan Courtney, Technical Director: Kevin Whitcomb, Written by: Brian Laurence, Produced by: Norman F. Kaiser, Directed by: Victor Janos

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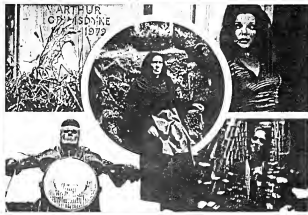
DEATH LIVES!

Take the startling tale of horror created by the publisher of Mad Magazine, have them whittled up by the producers of "The House That Dripped Blood," directed by one of the top screen directors, played by a distinguished cast headed by six (six!) best actors, Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, Ian Hendry, Richard Greene, Patrick Magee and Nigel Patrick. That's the formula for a new peak in horror.

...for both the most and least mature viewers. From "The Crypt" stories, Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, Ian Hendry, Richard Greene, Ian Hunter, Patrick Magee, Barbara Mason, Nigel Patrick, John Gielgud and the whole lot. Screenplay by William Goldstein, produced by Alan J. Lerner and Milton. Directed by executive producer Charles Fries, directed by Freddie Francis, distributed by Cinema Releasing.

"TALES FROM THE CRYPT"

THE VAULT OF HORROR



DEATH LIVES!

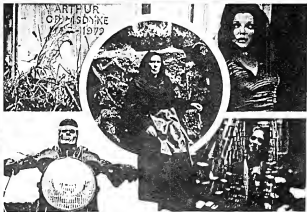


Take two startling tales of horror created by the publisher of *Mad Magazine*, have them whittled up by the producers of "The House That Dripped Blood," directed by one of the top suspense directors, played by a distinguished cast headed by Sir Ralph Richardson, Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, Ian Hecchy, Richard Greene, Patrick Magee and Nigel Patrick. That's the formula for a new peak in horror-

suspense for both the mass and class audiences.

Metropolitan Production Corporation presents An American Production "Tales From The Crypt" starring Joan Collins, Peter Cushing, Ian Hecchy, Richard Greene, Ian Hecchy, Patrick Magee, Richard Greene, Nigel Patrick, Ian Hecchy and Sir Ralph Richardson. Screenplay by Milton Subotsky, produced by Max J. Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky, executive producer Charles Fyfe, directed by Freddie Francis, distributed by Chroma Screenings.

"TALES FROM THE CRYPT" THE VAULT OF HORROR



BLOOD OF BLIGHTY HORROR!!

- THE "FORGOTTEN BRITISH HORROR FILM" QUIZ -

Walker On The Wild Side

A tributary tribute to the man most identified with Great British independent low, low budget Horror, Pete Walker.

1) Walker began his film career turning out cheesy skinflicks like "Strip Poker" and "School For Sex", but what was his first bona fide Horror film?

- A) Die Screaming, Marianne
- B) The Flesh And Blood Show
- C) The Comeback

2) "The Confessional" was also known under another title. What was it?

- A) Beware The Brothron
- B) House Of Mortal Sin
- C) The Crucible Of Terror

3) Which organisation of moral reform took offence at Walker's film "The House Of Whipcord"?

- A) Festival Of Light
- B) Women's Institute
- C) Church Commission

4) Sheila Keith was a Scottish character actress chiefly known for her starchy supporting roles in TV sit-coms, until Walker used her in five of his Horror films. Which typically sinister role did she play in "The Comeback"?

- A) A sadistic lesbian wardress
- B) A scheming bereaved mother
- C) A sadistic crippled housekeeper



A Messy Moment From "The Confessional"

5) Frequent screenwriter of Walker's Horror films, David McGillivray, performed the same production task on the films of another stalwart director of low budget British Horror films. Who was he?

- A) Robert Hartford-Davies
- B) Alan Birkinshaw
- C) Norman Warren

"Erm.... Wasn't He/She In Whatjamacallit T'Other Night?"

British Horror unknowns who turned up on your telly

1) Paul Greenwood played a psychiatrist in

"Frightmare" but was soon to become a familiar face in which 70's sit-com?

- A) Robin's Nest
- B) Rosie
- C) George 'N' Mildred

2) ITV's rival to "Blue Peter" in the 70's was "Maggie". One of its presenters, Jenny Hanley, had earlier appeared in a homegrown Horror which her smitten pre-pubescent fans weren't likely to have caught. What was the name of this film?

- A) The Flesh And Blood Show
- B) Night After Night After Night
- C) The Fiend

4) TV sit-com star James Bolam (best known for "Whatever Happened To The Likely Lads") featured in an early 70's Horror film whose lead role was acted by an ex-Disc Jockey (!?) What was the name of this film?

- A) Scream And Die!
- B) The Crucible Of Terror
- C) Bloodsuckers

5) "The Comeback" was a tame Horror film with a wild cast. Its star was "easy listening" crooner Jack Jones. It also featured "Last Of The Summer Wine" star Bill ("Compo") Owen and which famous female personality?

- A) Pamela Stephenson
- B) Joanna Lumley
- C) Hattie Jacques



"Night After Night", this "Fiend" searches for "Flesh And Blood"

3) Now making a respectable name and a household face of himself as Tosh Lines in "The Bill", actor Kevin Lloyd first appeared in which 80's Brit. Horror film?

- A) Bloody New Year
- B) Xmas
- C) Don't Open Till Christmas

2) A pervy sex killer transvestite judge in a mod wig?

- A) Night After Night After Night
- B) Twisted Nerve
- C) Fear In The Night

They Turned Me Into A Silly Plot Device! I Got Better!

Where the British tradition of surreal and absurd humour ("The Goons", "Monty Python", "Michael Bentine's Potty Time") resulted in some bizarre scenes and plots in its Golden Age of unrespectable Horror films. Which film featured

1) LSD stoked loonies and a three-legged dog?

- A) Schizo
- B) Crime
- C) Killer's Moon

Which film featured...

3) Two lesbians and a dog-nosed fleshcater?

- A) Terror
- B) Prey
- C) The Fiend



A strange way to advertise a film called "Terror" !!!

Which film featured...

4) A gay travel agent and a decapitating Rolls-Royce?

- A) The Sorcerers
- B) Horror Hospital
- C) The Haunted House Of Horror

5) Lunatic religious terrorism in London's suburbs and a prostitute-strangling mummy's boy?

- A) The Crucible Of Terror
- B) Scream And Die!
- C) The Fiend

They Bought It British!

Implements of demise. In which film does...

1) Somebody cop an incense burner to the face?

- A) The Crucible Of Terror
- B) Incense For The Damned
- C) The Confessional

2) Somebody partake of a nail file to the eye?

- A) The Velvet House
- B) Satan's Slave
- C) The Sorcerers

3) A policeman's neck spill to gnashing teeth?

- A) Vampyres
- B) Killer's Moon
- C) Prey

4) Someone's skull meet a hammer?

- A) Deathline
- B) Nightmare
- C) Night After Night After Night



"Mind the doors!"

5) To bow out, a real curtain caller of farm-buying: death by poodle pie!! Name the film (No multiple choice on this one)

But wait! The quiz has not quite finished yet! ...

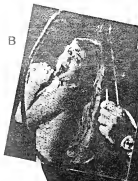
Oh No! It's The
Mystery Stills
 Section!

Just name the films...



A

B



C

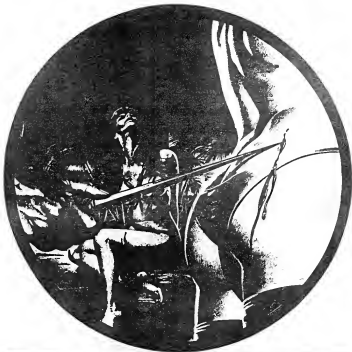


D



E

OK... test over, you can stop thinking now! If you want to find out the answers, you'll have to buy the second issue of this mag, but in the meantime there are prizes up for grabs for those of you who can be bothered to write down the answers and send them to the editorial address! There's a full colour poster for the first person who gets more than half the answers correct! Generous or what?! As for the first prize...



DELIZIE EROTICHE
IN
PORNO HOLOCAUST

D'AMATO BOTCHUP

Two couples arrive at a remote tropical island for exacerbated fucking 'n' sucking, only to have a few outnumbered zombies belatedly come in on the hardcore "action". A couple of uninteresting and inconsequential deaths occur to provide the weak, unfantastical horror element, and tenuous maintain the film's genre hybrid status. The surviving couple escape in a little boat, but still capacious enough for still more organ grinding.

This is a crushing mind and soul, buttock and finger ("remote" finger that is ... ahem!) numbing experience in despair, all too undeservedly graced with an ungodly gonad-crunching monster of a come-on title! You'll never be more grateful should your cherished VCR be equipped with dual speed fast-forward scan as you'll waste less of your life in reaching the terminus of this cynical and pedestrian exercise in static tedium.

Should you ever reach that point which lies 100 long minutes away, then what better way to revitalise the dissipated state of being instilled by this D'Amato Botchup than through the life-affirming spirit imbued by constant shagging, which "Porno Holocaust" so empty-headedly espouses.

"Both our friends are dead at the hands of some ratty-tatty- looking zombies. But we're still alive so let's Fuck!" - A fabricated quotation on my part but well within the boundary of feasibility that it could have been emitted from the mouth of a particularly grief-stricken female character, were it not already filled with one of the male characters.

I half expected an epilogue featuring the savvy professor from that other, much more potent, "Holocaust" lighting his trusty pipe and pondering to himself "Who were the real zombies?"

Dave Ward

I have been asked by the editor to provide full on-screen credits in the interests of completion. I favour it as a "Shit List" in the interests of any Europhile's trepidation!

Cast: George Eastman (Luigi Montefiore), Dircé Funari, Anni Goren, Mark Shanon

Screenplay: Tom Salina. **Set Design:** Ennio Micheltoni. **Cinematography:** Aristide Massaccesi. **Music:** Nico Fidenco. **Editor:** Ornella Micheli. **Producer:** Massimo Alberini. **Director:** Joe D'Amato (Aristide Massaccesi)

A KRISTAL FILMS Production.
Italy, 1979.

HELLRAISER III HELL ON EARTH



Pinhead wants to play ... Again

Director: Anthony Hickox

Starring: Doug Bradley

Terry Farrell

Paula Marshall

Kevin Bernhardt

J.P., the owner of a local club (the Boiler Room) enters a gallery and buys a weird looking statue of grotesque human forms combined into a solid pillar. As the camera floats over the tortured souls you can not help but notice Pinhead taking pride of place, as well as the puzzle box alongside him. So starts *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth*.

With Joanne (Joey) a reporter, albeit not a very good one, working in a hospital she stumbles across the first of Pinhead's pleasures - a young man, wheeled in on a stretcher, a mass of chains in tow. Obviously, something strange is going on, and Joey sees this as her big chance to get a decent story. Chasing the young girl the man came in with (after his messy demise) she succeeds in finding out that the man came from a club, you've guessed it, the Boiler Room.

Back at the club, J.P. is bitten by a rat and is soon splashing blood all over the statue. This is lapped up by Pinhead, who is then almost free to do what he wants. After J.P.'s girlfriend (of that night) is skinned and sucked into the statue we are treated to Pinhead's party-piece, catching bullets between his teeth. Pinhead escapes the statue (minus his cenobites) and is now ready to run riot in the club. The doors are locked and the entire hoard of revellers are killed, mainly by being hooked up. A few set pieces allow us to see how he creates his new cenobites. Barbie gets a bundle of barbed wire wrapped around his face, CD the DJ gets his head dissected by compact discs and the unfortunate cameraman (Doc, friend of Joey) has his camera inserted into his cranium. So,

Pinhead is free, and with his minions, he expects to retrieve the box and rule the world and whatever other domains tickle his fancy.

Without giving the whole of the story away, it's basically the same as the previous one. Pinhead is released to do his worst and it's up to the heroine to fiddle with the box and send him back whence he came. The difference this time though, is that the story is worked on two levels. Not only do we have Joey trying to send him back to Hell, we have Captain Elliot Spencer, the man who became Pinhead, also trying to send him back. Spencer is currently in limbo, trapped between Heaven and Hell, and summons Joey to tell her his story (as in the previous film we see how Spencer became Pinhead). She must bring Pinhead back to Spencer, so he can fight him(self) on home ground, where he has the power.

Overall the film isn't anywhere near as sadistic as the previous two films. Anyone who has seen the full mattress scene in the second film will know that this cannot be beaten for sheer toe-curling power. The Cenobites don't work anymore, the new ones are shadows of the former Barker creations. They look ridiculous, with only Barbie being in the style of his forebears, and die so easily it's a wonder they bothered creating them in the first place.

A scene in a church is probably the most powerful, it isn't completely over the top, and relies more on shattering our sensitive religious morals than attempting to disgust us with gallons of blood and close-ups of hooks piercing flesh. In this scene we see Pinhead attacking a priest. The priest holds up a silver cross and demands the demon to be gone. Pinhead merely melts it instantly, without a second thought. Does this prove that Hell is stronger than Heaven, that the Devil is more powerful than God? Obviously so, at least in the realms of this film. Pinhead then takes up a stance behind the altar. He removes two pins (which are all of 6 inches long) from his skull and drives them into his palms, before raising his arms and letting his head hang to one side. Again, mocking God and all Christ icons. A quite powerful scene.

Although the acting is good, and the film sets quite a pace, there's nothing new. The plot

completely lets it down, it's just the same old story over again. This film is only going to really be appreciated by total Hellraiser addicts. If you didn't like either of the first two, I doubt you'll like this.

Darren Jones

(Darren is the co-editor and page layout wizard for "Invasion Of The Sad Man-Eating Mushrooms", which like "Flesh And Blood" is a 'zine devoted to covering all sorts of weird and wonderful films. Unlike F.A.B. though, Invasion has been going since 1991 and just a few weeks ago Darren found out that his pride and joy has been chosen as fanzine of the year by the people behind the essential reference guide "Magazines Of The Movies". My congratulations to Darren and John, the accolade was well deserved! Invasion 7 is due out soon and I think they have probably got a few copies of number 6 still in stock. If you would like to get hold of a copy, write to the address shown below.)

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*National Union of Journalists endorsing advice

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